



BELFORD AND THE MINT JUDGE.

Secretary Herbert, like a true Southerner, is a fond admirer of the mint judge. "The greatest triumph of the mint judge," he said one night at a dinner table, "was some years ago when we had a Congressional excursion to the battlefields around Fredericksburg. Thirty or forty Senators and members of the House went down by special train, and among us was Jim Belford, the red-headed Representative from Colorado. You all remember Jim; as good a fellow as ever lived and with but one fault. On the way down, Jim drank nothing but straight whisky. 'Tis the only drink for a gentleman,' he declared. 'None of your juleps or amuses or Rikers for me.' At Fredericksburg the citizens showed us what Southern hospitality is. They had everything for our entertainment, including a gift-edged cession of mint julep. Some one induced Jim to try one, and when we went out to the battle-field he was missed. Some one explained that he was back in Fredericksburg drinking julep. Sure enough, that is what we found him at when we returned to town. Then he spent three or four days looking over the ground on which had been fought the battles of the Wilderness. But Jim was not with us. He was back in Fredericksburg drinking julep.

"When the train started for Washington we missed Belford again," continued the Secretary "and the explanation was the same. A week later a man came up from Fredericksburg with a report that Jim was still there, and there were a few juleps left. Another week passed, and one day we saw a red-headed man come in the main door of the hall of the House. He was travel-stained and dusty. In his hand he had a small strip which he passed over to a page. Without looking to the right or left, or pausing to notice what was going on, he marched straight down the center aisle to the open space in front of the Speaker's desk. It was Jim Belford. His hair, grown long, was flaming about his head, and there was fire in his eye. Interrupting the proceedings, he held proudly aloft a piece of paper and exclaimed:

"Mixer Speaker! I wish 'er inter-does Bill Propriety—six hundred and dollar for solvers' monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia!"—Washington Star.

His Busy Day.



She—"Well, if I can't live on my income and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in my marrying?" He (thoughtfully)—"Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate."—Harlem Life.

Want Him as He's Always Been. He is, you say? Well, what of that? He isn't talking through his hat.

It's not your mix. You ought to know The good Lord made Our Chauncy so.

If he had nev- Er talked, how could Our Chauncy have been understood?

If he had nev- Er talked, there would be in the world That much less good.

If he had nev- Er talked, what might Have been mankind Without this night?

If he had nev- Er talked, the earth Would find that it Was short on mirth.

If he had nev- Er talked, it would Have made our dinner solitude.

If he had nev- Er talked, Go to! He'd not have been Our "Peach" Depew.

Then let him talk: Don't stop his chin. We want him as He's always been.—New York Sun.

Her Stoppel.

Bell—What do you intend studying at college this year?

Neil—Oh, base-ball, bicycling, golf, foot-ball, and possibly billiards. Why?

The baseball fever is at low ebb.

A Guest of Honor.

An English actor was a member of a company snowbound in the Sierras while en route from California to the East. Before their train was pulled out of the drifts they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers, and got little enough even of that; so that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table.

"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man, a porter house steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass' bitter beer.

The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment:

"Say, Bill! tell the band to play 'Rule, Britannia.' The Prince of Wales has come."—Judge.

The Summer Girl's Valedictory.

It was her last day at the seashore. All summer she had held sway over the hearts of the young men who had come down by the sea to conquer, only to fall a victim to her wiles. Her last day. The men were gone. The season was at an end. The September nights were already cool in chilliness in preparation of the equinox.

Her last day. She rosh from the sands, her dainty bathing suit clinging to her lithe shape, and stretched herself as one weary. Her mind ran over her conquests here upon the shore upon her rivals if she could fling them as such, and then she turned with a supercilious smile of scorn toward the sea, the restless careless sea.

"And as for you," she turned for a last look, "you never touched me!" A low moan came sobbing back from the sullen surf, and with a laugh, she ran up the beach and was gone.—Park.

Bluffs—"I dreamed last night that I was dead and was sent to the infernal regions." Slobo—"That's nothing. I dreamed the hot wave had come back."



GOOD BYE TO THE SUMMER GIRL.

Dozier—"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?" Jaslin—"No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it wears a hat."—Roxbury Gazette.

Johnny—"I'm four feet six inches tall and weigh ninety-seven pounds." Willie—"Humph! I can lift 250 pounds on the scales." Danny—"That's nothing. I had to push 'em to get into the circus."—Chicago Record.

Since they were wed on lawn and lea, Oft did the daisies blow, And oft across the trackless sea Did swallows come and go. Oft were the forest branches bare, And oft in gold arrayed; Oft did the lilies scent the air, The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears, Their share of bliss and hate, Since first he whispered in her ears A lover's tender tale. Full many a thorn amid the flowers Has lain upon their way; They've had their dull November hours As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe, Through change of time and scene, Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow, Their faith and love have been. Together hand and hand they pass Serenely down life's hill. In hopes one grave in churchyard grass May hold them lovers still.

—Chambers' Journal.

2. Hey there, conductor!

He Followed the Precedent.

I went to the Elliott House two or three days ago to call upon an old acquaintance that had stopped there on her way through town. As I passed the reception room on the ground floor I noticed a couple of extremely young people. She was draped in lavender, and had evidently been weeping. He wore a black frock coat, and a white cambric necktie, and there was pomatium on his somewhat long curly hair. It was about 11 in the morning.

"Then you will go out?" said she, with trembling lips.

"Yes."

"And leave me all alone?"

"Oh, I must go out a while, you know."

"You leave me here, and we have been married only six days?"

"Why, goodness, Dora," said the desperate youth, "the Almighty himself rested on the seventh day."—New York Morning Journal.

The claim is envious of the oyster's popularity. Even a clam can display emotion.

4. All aboard!

A Cheeky Little Lamb.

Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school, he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, smoking a cigarette, and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"Hullo, Doctor."

The clergyman stopped, and cordially inquired:

"And who are you sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably, "fine day."

And, tilting his hat on his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.—Pearson's Weekly.

"The new woman," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "is a good imitation of a poor species of man."

Always tired—the Bicycle.

To Stand The Fire.

He (tired of life)—I wish I was an angel. She—You would have to have your wings made of asbestos.

5. Can't wait for the elevator.

It Made a Difference.

"What's the matter, William?" said the wealthy householder. "Anything gone wrong?"

"Not exactly gone wrong, sir, but I want a new understanding."

"What about?"

"My pay, sir."

"You get very good wages for a cook."

"Yes, sir, they does very well for a cook, sir. But I overheard you when you were talking to your friends, sir. You called me your chef."

"Well, you ought to be complimented."

"Yes, sir, I'm complimented. But business is business. I can be a chef for less than \$100 a year. Wages is all right for a cook, but I got to have a salary."—Washington Star.

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